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THE REPUBLICAN  
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Every Kind.

VOL. VII.

# THE HARTFORD REPUBLICAN.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE PARTY IN THE FOURTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.

HARTFORD, KY., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1894.

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THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO. CHICAGO.

ANYWHERE!  
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SUMMER EXCURSION  
TICKETS  
Chesapeake, Ohio & Southwestern  
RAILROAD.

To the Springs and Mountains of Virginia,  
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TO ALL THE PROMINENT RESORTS

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Pleasant Spots near Home:

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WHILE THE TICKETS will be sold to Lou-  
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With through Car Service from

MEMPHIS TO TEXAS.

No change of Cars to

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Two Daily Trains

Carrying through Coaches and  
Pullman Sleepers. Traversing  
the finest farming, grazing and timber  
lands. And reaching the most pros-  
perous towns and cities in the

Great Southwest.

FARMING LANDS.—Yielding  
abundant yield the cereals, corn and  
cotton and especially adapted to the  
cultivation of small fruits and early  
vegetables.

GRAZING LANDS.—Affording  
excellent pasturage during almost the  
entire year, and comparatively close  
to the great markets.

TIMBER LANDS.—Covered with  
almost inexhaustible forests of yellow  
pine, cypress and the hard woods  
common to Arkansas and Eastern  
Texas.

Can be procured on reasonable and  
advantageous terms.

All lines connect with and have tick-  
ets on sale via the

Cotton Belt Route

Ask your nearest Ticket Agent for  
maps, time tables, etc., and write to  
any of the following for all informa-  
tion you may desire concerning the  
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BUCK EYE PILE  
OINTMENT**  
CURES NOTHING BUT PILES.  
A SURE AND CERTAIN CURE  
known for 15 years as the  
BEST REMEDY FOR PILES.  
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.  
Prepared by RICHARDSON AND CO., ST. LOUIS.

IN CHINATOWN.

English Speaking Diners in a Co-  
lonial Restaurant.

The Bill of Fare—Bread and Potatoes Are  
Minus Quantities—A Free Trip into the  
Kitchen—Their Methods Are  
Neatness Itself.

The continued invasion of the Chinese  
restaurants of this town by  
other than Chinese patrons has led  
the proprietor of one of these places  
to provide a card printed in English  
and headed "Bill of Fare," says the  
New York Sun. No attempt is made  
to preserve the Chinese names of the  
strange looking but savory  
dishes offered here. The list starts  
off with plain "pot roast chicken  
with mushrooms," and ends with  
"boiled rice," in the way of sub-  
stantials, after which are named four  
kinds of tea and six kinds of pre-  
serves. Only the much-called-for  
"tsup suey" does not appear under an  
English name, which is not  
strange, since nowhere outside of  
Chinese kitchens is such a dish pre-  
pared. One may satisfy a good ap-  
petite here with wholesome food for  
an outlay of twenty cents, while, on  
the other hand, there are single  
dishes that cost as much as one dol-  
lar and seventy-five cents. No bread  
is offered and no potatoes. The  
other vegetables served are curious  
in appearance, some being imported  
from China, and many others from  
a farm cultivated by Chinese some-  
where on Long Island.

Diners at these restaurants may  
satisfy themselves as to the charac-  
ter of the food before it is served.  
The kitchen is on the same floor with  
the eating-room, with connecting  
doors wide open, and no objection is  
shown—if any is felt—to the closest  
scrutiny of the culinary operations.  
While some sightseers were making  
a meal of Chinese victuals the other  
evening several fat chickens were  
carried up from the street, through  
the restaurant, into the kitchen,  
where they were speedily slaugh-  
tered. The method of killing them  
was to slit the throat with an ordi-  
nary kitchen knife, while the bird  
was held down over a sink into which  
water was pouring. The operation  
required but a few seconds, and the  
surroundings were as neat as if the  
headman had been merely dividing a  
party. At the same time the visiting  
party could see through an open door  
a Chinaman stripped to the waist  
bobbing up and down on the end of a  
long pole. He was making what he  
said was "like macaroni," and his  
bamboo pole, brought from China,  
was used in place of a rolling pin,  
doubtless in the same manner as by  
his remotest ancestors.

But nearer than the kitchen was  
the unique spectacle of a pretty  
white girl wearing diamonds, but no  
stockings, her bare feet being in-  
serted in the same sort of flapping  
slippers that Chinamen wear in-  
doors. She and a Chinaman, each  
with chopsticks, were eating "tsup  
suey" from one dish.

Are They Significant Figures?

Some odd facts are given in a  
book just published in Paris with  
the title of "Mysteries of the Occult  
Sciences." From the chapter on  
"Arithmomaney," or divination by  
numbers, is taken the following: It  
is known that the reign of terror  
was closed by the fall of Robes-  
pierre in the year 1794. The suc-  
cessive addition of these four digits  
to the number as a whole will be  
found to give 1818, the year of the  
close of the empire. Proceeding in  
the same manner, 1830 is obtained,  
the year which witnessed the fall of  
Charles X. The process being con-  
tinued will be found to give further  
the totals of 1842, 1857 and 1878.  
These years mark respectively the  
death of the duke of Orleans, with  
the decadence of the dynasty; the  
birth of the prince imperial and the  
attempt of the 16th of May to restore  
the monarchy. Arithmomaney ap-  
parently does not concern itself  
with the future, for the event which  
is to leave its mark upon the for-  
tunes of France in 1902—the next  
year of the series—is not stated.

More About Judge Guffy.

Sunday's Louisville Commercial  
contained the following account of  
Judge B. L. D. Guffy.

The election of Judge Guffy over

**NOTHING STANDS AS HIGH**  
as a remedy for every  
womanly ailment, as Dr. Plummer's  
Favorite Prescription. Here  
is the proof. It's the only  
medicine for women so cer-  
tain in its effects that it can be  
guaranteed. In every case, if  
it doesn't benefit or cure, your  
money is returned. Can any-  
thing else, though it may be bet-  
ter for a tricky dealer to sell, be  
"just as good" for you to buy?  
"Favorite Prescription" is a  
laxative, restorative  
tonic, a soothing and strength-  
ening medicine, and a complete  
cure for all the functional de-  
rangements, painful disorders, and chronic  
weakness peculiar to the sex.  
For young girls just entering womanhood;  
for women at the critical "change of life";  
for women approaching menopause; nursing  
mothers; and every woman who is  
"run-down," tired, or overworked—it is a  
special, safe, and certain help.

If you have an incurable case of Catarrh,  
the proprietors of Dr. Sago's Catarrh Remedy  
will pay you \$500 cash. They believe that  
they can cure you.

Judge Reeves was one of the striking  
incidents of the late political revolu-  
tion. There was no particular reason  
why Mr. Reeves should have been  
elected over Mr. Guffy, aside from the  
general but mistaken assumption that  
Kentucky was a State that belonged  
in effect to the late Southern Confed-  
eracy. Mr. Guffy is as good a lawyer  
as Mr. Reeves. We do not agree in all  
respects with the local feelings  
expressed in the Green River Republi-  
can, and we think our esteemed con-  
temporary is somewhat partisan and  
rather extreme in some of its com-  
ments, but as extreme things had been  
said on one side, it may be as well  
perhaps, in order that the people may  
be well advised, and to give them an  
idea of the extreme things said on the  
other. Here is what the Green River  
Republican says:

"Some of the so-called Democratic  
papers, since the election, have vio-  
lated all rules of decency in attacking  
the qualifications of Judge Guffy for  
the high office to which he has been  
elected.

"The object of these libels is two-  
fold: One is to annoy Judge Guffy and  
his family and friends, the other is in  
hope of so prejudicing the minds of  
the State Board against him that it  
might look with favor on a fraudulent  
contest, as called for by one paper  
where Reeves is now holding court. It  
is believed that Reeves and a few  
of his henchmen have instigated those  
libelous articles with that end in view.

"We assume that the State Board  
are honest men and can not be used  
by Reeves to further his personal and  
wicked schemes.

"A strong effort was made by  
Reeves' henchmen to prevent Judge  
Guffy's nomination, and, after, it was  
made, the most desperate, as well as  
the most dishonorable efforts were  
made to defeat him, but he was well  
known in the district, and as good  
luck would have it, Reeves was well  
known in part of the district. The  
result was Guffy's election. Reeves  
did not get as large a majority in  
Todd, his own county, as Cleveland  
got two years ago. He did not get  
as large a majority in Logan and Simp-  
son, where he had held courts for  
eight years, as McElroy got this  
year. These facts speak in thunder  
and he would not have run as well  
as he did, but for the fact that  
many Democrats were loath to fight  
him openly, for fear of injuring Mc-  
Elroy, the Democratic nominee for  
Congress. Ten of the counties in the  
Third Congressional district, six of  
which Reeves had held court in sev-  
eral years, gave Guffy 1,295 majority.  
Guffy carried ten of the seventeen  
counties in the entire district. The  
fact is Reeves totally unfit to be  
Judge of Court of Appeals, and the  
people have elected Judge Guffy to  
the office.

"The Judge is the youngest of a  
family of nine children, all of whom  
were noted for ability and good de-  
meanor. His oldest sister was the  
wife of James G. Hardy, who was  
elected Lieutenant Governor on the  
ticket with Morehead in 1855. Judge  
Guffy is one of the best informed men  
in the State; has been a writer on  
political, legal and economic subjects  
from before the war, and his writings  
were clear, concise and logical. He  
was licensed to practice law in 1856 by  
Judges Stewart and Graham, and in  
1857 was married to Miss Monroe, of  
Ohio county, the daughter of A. B.  
Monroe, a cousin of Hon. Thos. B.  
Monroe of Frankfort, once United  
States District Judge for Kentucky.

The Judge has reared an interesting  
family. His oldest daughter is the  
wife of John M. Carson, son of Judge  
T. C. Carson, and cashier of the  
Morgantown Deposit Bank. Another  
daughter is the wife of Rev. S. J.  
Thompson, a rising young M. F. S.  
preacher, now on the Bardonia  
circuit; another is the wife of  
J. B. Bender, of Bowling Green,  
book-keeper of the Aberdeen Coal and  
Mining Company. His oldest son, E.  
D. Guffy, is a practicing lawyer and  
prominent Republican politician at  
Hartford, Ohio county; another son,  
Speed Guffy, is a bright lawyer here  
and a Democrat. Another accom-  
plished daughter is yet at home, with  
three other children not grown. The  
Judge owns about the most valuable  
residence in the town and some  
other town property. From boyhood  
he has been a useful member of the  
Methodist church. Most members of  
his family belong to the same church.

"The Republican party of the dis-  
trict, and out of it, too, are delighted  
with Judge Guffy's election, so are  
many Democrats, as the numerous  
letters of congratulation which he  
has received from all over the State,  
among them being two former Judges  
of the Court of Appeals, one of whom  
is a Democrat. A few extracts may  
be in order: S. K. Cox, a Democrat,  
President of the Hartford Bank, writes  
under date of the 15th inst.: 'Having  
seen so much in the newspapers re-  
flecting on you as a lawyer, knowing  
you as I do, socially, politically, as a  
lawyer, as a gentleman and a friend,  
I am utterly disgusted with these at-  
tacks. They cannot injure you, how-  
ever, with those who know you. I  
congratulate you on your election, and  
predict and wish you a most success-  
ful term on the Supreme Bench of the  
State of Kentucky.'

"The Hon. John W. Lewis writes:

"Give us your hand in the most cor-  
dial congratulations. I cannot tell  
you how much I enjoy your splendid  
success. I know you will make an  
honest, able and just Judge. It will  
be a great pleasure to me to stand be-  
fore you as one of Judges of the Court  
of Appeals. I congratulate you again  
and again."

"Col. W. O. Bradley writes: 'With  
great pleasure I congratulate you.  
Butler county has covered herself  
with glory.'

"The talk about fraud being perpe-  
trated by the Republicans is an enor-  
mous lie. The people of this district  
have elected Guffy Judge of the Court  
of Appeals, and he will be Judge, and  
we be those who attempt to rob him  
or the people."

A Cure for Hard Times.  
Everyone is familiar with the fact  
that the census returns show the pop-  
ulation of our cities to be growing  
faster than that of the country dis-  
tricts. There is a drift from country  
to city. But a close examination of  
the facts favors the theory that this  
is not steady. When times are good,  
when all the mills and factories are  
running on full time, when building  
is having a boom, when new streets  
are being opened, when the railroads  
are having busy times, the opportu-  
nities for employment are good, and at  
wages better than are obtainable in  
the country. So the workers from the  
rural districts move into the cities.

All goes well until there comes a time  
of financial stringency, followed by  
dull trade, business and industrial  
prostration. Then thousands are per-  
force idle. The number of workers  
which was ample for the boom period  
is far too great for dull times. Thou-  
sands are out of work in the cities,  
and the problem of relief becomes a  
pressing one on the organized chari-  
ties and municipal authorities.

Now, what is the remedy for this?  
The purchasing power of those out of  
employment is extinguished. Those  
who have employment economize—  
some from the fear of losing employ-  
ment, or because of lower wages;  
some from motives of economy. The  
result is, a vast curtailment of the  
total volume of necessities of life pur-  
chased. We witness all these condi-  
tions about us to-day. There cannot  
be recuperation until people go to buy-  
ing freely again. But they can not  
buy, for instance, as freely as they  
did in 1892, until they have the money  
to buy with as they did then. And  
they can not have the money until the  
unemployed are again steadily at  
work, and the rate of wages rises to  
its former level.

The law of demand and supply is as  
inexorable in its operations in the  
field of labor as it is in any other.  
With thousands of idle men seeking  
employment, they will underbid each  
other for what employment may be  
had, or offer to take the situations of  
others at work for less wages. The  
inevitable result is that wages will  
decline all along the line. There can  
be no recuperation until the labor  
market is bare—until the army of the  
unemployed has vanished. But with  
much diminished demand for the pro-  
ducts of labor, how is that army to  
find employment?

The unemployed are nearly all in  
the cities. The true remedy for the  
congested labor market lies in the  
migration of enough persons back to  
the country to restore the disturbed  
balance between demand and supply.  
Then naturally comes the question,  
"but what will they do there?"

There is but one resource, the land.  
They must go to making a living as  
tillers of the soil. We Americans do  
not farm properly, and hence not pro-  
fitable. Small holdings, the world  
over, are the ones that make the  
money; statistics prove this. Only  
as much land as can be tilled to its  
utmost producing capacity should be  
obtained. And it is astonishing how  
small a tract it takes to furnish sup-  
port a family. And only as much  
is needed as can be tilled without  
hiring help. Then industry and econ-  
omy are all that is needed to make a  
comfortable living.

Then comes the objection that the  
unemployed can not obtain land, and  
have not the wherewithal to maintain  
themselves until they get returns  
from their crops. This is true, and  
it is a difficulty in the way. But the  
exodus to the country must be made  
up of men who have some little  
means, thus leaving room and occu-  
pation for those who have nothing.  
—(Toledo Blade.)

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder

World's Fair Highest Medal and Diploma

The Hartford Photo Car.  
A. D. Taylor, the Beaver Dam Pho-  
tographer, has located his Photo Car  
in Hartford and will make Pictures  
here every Monday all day in  
the Hartford Photo Car. Mr.  
Taylor will be found at his home  
gallery in Beaver Dam balance of the  
time. We are glad to say he ranks  
up with the ablest Photographers in  
the State. First class work guaran-  
teed.

"When beauty comes he takes it;  
If there is none he makes it."

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder

THIS PAPER is on file in the Hartford  
Public Library, and is loaned to the  
Hartford Photo Car.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

**Royal Baking Powder**  
ABSOLUTELY PURE

JEALOUS OF HIS WIFE.

Mr. D. Bashford cherished high  
ideas of men, as opposed to women,  
and had exalted notions of the hus-  
band's dominion over his household.  
Mr. Bashford had forbidden his  
wife attending the masquerade of  
the A. Z. A. society. He  
had his reasons for so doing, but his  
wife thought he might have made  
known his wishes in a little less im-  
perious manner than he chose to  
adopt.

The ball was set down for the  
evening of the 29th. On the  
morning of that day Mr. Bash-  
ford went down town at the  
usual hour, but during the fore-  
noon had occasion to visit a section  
of the city that led him past his own  
residence.

His attention was suddenly ar-  
rested by a young woman with a  
large bundle ascending the front  
steps of his house and ringing the  
door bell.  
His perplexity was increased when  
the door was opened cautiously, the  
young woman admitted promptly,  
as if by a previous understanding,  
and the door instantly closed again.

Mr. Bashford's curiosity and suspi-  
cion were aroused. Should he  
linger and solve the mystery, or dis-  
miss it from his mind and go on  
about his business? He debated the  
question irresolutely for a moment,  
and finally decided that he must  
know what was going on in his own  
house.

He had not long to wait. The  
young woman soon reappeared, but  
without the bundle, and walked  
briskly down the street.

She led him to one of the busiest  
and gayest streets, and finally  
turned quickly into a celebrated  
customer's establishment.

Mr. Bashford was astonished.  
Could it be that his wife was ven-  
turesome enough to disobey him,  
and had hired a costume with a view  
of attending the masquerade?

He did not linger long in medita-  
tion. His wife's audacity must re-  
ceive a severe rebuke.

The proprietor was a woman. He  
accosted her thus:  
"Madam, would you object to  
making five dollars in as many min-  
utes?"

The person addressed intimating  
that she would have no objection to  
that sort of thing, he continued:  
"Then describe to me accurately  
the costume delivered by the young  
woman who entered this store a  
moment ago, or else show me one  
just like it."

"Well," said the woman, hesi-  
tatingly, "that wouldn't be exactly  
regular, you know."

"I understand that, but I can  
prove to you, if necessary, that I  
have a right to know, and no harm  
can possibly come to you by your  
telling me."

"O, well," said the woman, "I  
presume it will be all right. The  
costume was that of a Turkish lady.  
Here is one just like it, except that  
the hood is blue instead of scarlet."

"Yes—just so," said Mr. Bash-  
ford. "The one that the young  
woman left at 54 — street has a  
scarlet hood, has it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well; here is your five dol-  
lars."

He made no allusion when he went  
home to his five o'clock dinner to the  
circumstances just related. He  
simply said to his wife before leav-  
ing, wondering why the while at her in-  
nocent and unconstrained demeanor:  
"As I told you would probably be  
the case, Louise, I shall be detained  
down-town by business to-night un-  
til it is quite late."

"O, dear, I am so sorry; it is so  
lonesome these long evenings when  
you are obliged to be away."

The "business" which was to detain  
him was of a somewhat startling char-  
acter. After spending a short time  
at his office, he proceeded to a cus-  
tomer's establishment, and placed  
himself in the hands of an artist,  
who, after a long and tedious pro-  
cess, transformed him into a hideous-  
looking Indian.

This done, he ordered a carriage,  
and gave directions to be driven to  
the place where the masquerade was  
to be held.

Mr. Bashford seemed to create  
quite a sensation in his character of  
Indian chief. Many stared at him,  
and some of the women shuddered.  
He did not dance at first, but  
walked with stately tread around  
the hall, gazing disdainfully on the  
giddy throng. He was searching for  
a Turkish lady with a scarlet  
hood.

It was some time before he found  
what he sought for. But at last he  
stopped suddenly and his gaze lingered  
in a particular quarter. There  
was the Turkish lady with the scar-  
let hood, and her size and general  
contour were exactly those of his  
wife. There could be no mistake  
about it.

"Pooh! squaw," he said in a gut-  
tural tone.

After this ensued what appeared  
to lookers-on a scene of desperate  
flirtation; but in Mr. Bashford's  
mind there was of course no harm in  
thus paying exclusive attention to  
his own wife, though a pang shot  
through his breast at the thought of  
her accepting such marked demon-  
strations from one who to all intents  
and purposes was a stranger.

But all of a sudden the Turkish  
lady deserted him and joined a  
Roman senator on the right side of  
the room. She conversed with him  
in a low tone, danced a set with him,  
and afterward exchanged some pri-  
vate words in an apparently very  
confidential manner.

This fairly maddened Mr. Bash-  
ford with jealousy. Finally, he got  
a chance to speak to her again.

"Squaw must not leave her  
brave," he murmured.

But she only laughed tantalizing-  
ly.

"I think I hear the pattering of  
rain drops," he said. "Shall we not  
stand in the open door, where it is  
cool?"

"Yes," she replied, "for a few mo-  
ments. It will be a great relief."

They approached to the doorway,  
and stood looking down a short  
flight of broad stone steps, which  
led to the sidewalk. Beyond could  
be seen a solitary carriage, with a  
dim light glimmering from the  
driver's seat. The driver himself  
had sought shelter from the rain  
within the carriage.

Mr. Bashford looked cautiously  
around. No one was in sight. He  
then coughed in a peculiar manner.  
The driver instantly emerged, leaving  
the carriage door open, and walked  
carelessly forward, seemingly to in-  
spect the harness of one of the  
horses.

Now was Mr. Bashford's time. He  
suddenly seized his companion  
around the waist, thrust his hands  
under her mask, and pressed it over  
her mouth, and ran with her to the  
carriage.

"Scream and you will be mur-  
dered," he muttered in her ear.  
He then forced her in the carriage,  
stepping in after her.

"What is to be done with me?"  
she summoned the courage to falter.

"Hush!" he growled.

Still the carriage rattled on  
through numerous streets and alleys,  
the driver having been instructed to  
take a long, roundabout course.

Finally the driver gave a loud  
cough. This was a signal. He had  
calculated that the devious course  
they had taken would so bewilder his  
wife that her ideas of locality would  
be completely confused. He wanted  
to impress her with the belief that  
she was being carried to some den of  
unknown horrors.

"Here we are," he growled. "Not  
a word from you, my beauty!"

A loud scream greeted his arrival.  
The gas was burning brightly, and  
in the middle of the room stood—her  
arms thrown up and her eyes pro-  
truding with horror—his wife!

He halted in dire astonishment and  
dismay; still retaining his hold on  
the Turkish lady, who had by this  
time fainted.

"Louise!" he gasped.

"Don't you know me, Louise?"

"What does all this mean?" she  
said, stepping forward cautiously.

"Why are you disguised so fright-  
fully, and who is this you have with  
you?"

Mr. Bashford's bewilderment was  
so great that he had entirely forgot-  
ten that he was still supporting the  
Turkish lady, and he now nearly  
dropped her.

"Haven't you been to the masquer-  
ade?" he demanded of his wife.

"To the masquerade! Certainly not!"

"Then who is this?"

"That! How should I know? Why,  
as I'm alive, it's—Oh, Dio, what un-  
der the sun have you been doing?  
This is Emma Burch!"

PROFESSIONAL CARD

J. W. LITTLE,

LAWYER,

OWENSBORO, KY.

Will practice his profession in Davies  
and adjoining counties. Special at-  
tention given to collections. Office,  
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HARTFORD, KY.

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Will practice his profession in all  
the courts of Ohio and adjoining coun-  
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Notary Public for Ohio county.

## Hartford Republican

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING

WAM A. ANDERSON, Proprietor.  
JO. B. ROGERS, Editor.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1894.

### Subscribers Take Notice.

You owe us your subscription? If so, please send or bring it to us. We need it. We have to pay cash for everything. In fact, it takes lots of money to run a newspaper. We are now, and have been, sending some statements to our subscribers. Don't wait to receive a statement, but examine the label on your paper and see what you owe and send the amount to us without delay. Perhaps your account is small, but we have so many of these small accounts that they soon make big ones. See to it that you do not get a dun.

Remember, when you pay up for THE REPUBLICAN and one year in advance you will receive the New York Weekly Tribune or the Louisville Weekly Commercial one year free. By all means, if you owe us on subscription, pay up.

ALLOW the open saloon here and you ruin our school.

PEACE, quiet and good order are the requirements of a well regulated society. The open saloon is an enemy to these.

THE State Treasury is developing a very healthy deficit, and the next thing will be to raise the already exorbitant tax rate.

DEPUTY U. S. Marshal Bullington scooped down upon some of the tigers here Tuesday and jailed a couple before you could say cat. It caused a sensation in blind tiger circles.

THIS was true yesterday: Full many a pie of shortest crust serene, the gay Thanksgiving boards of farmers bear; full many a turkey is picked plump clean and wastes his feathers on the autumn air.

THE Grand Jury took a very decided stand against the proposed opening of saloons in Hartford. Every member of that body signed a remonstrance against it. Not only Hartford is against it, but the people of the county are against it.

AMID the enjoyment occasioned by the signal Republican victory in the county, along with the rest of the earth, the excellent work of the Republican Committee and more especially that of Secretary W. A. Gibson should not be forgotten. "Gip" is a whole team within himself, and during the past campaign simply outdid himself. He's a veritable nonesuch as a campaigner.

SECRETARY HERBERT has recommended that Congress authorize the building of two more monster iron clad warships of the latest pattern to cost exclusive of arms not exceeding \$4,000,000 each. He also recommends the construction of from 100 to 300 torpedo vessels. Uncle Sam is able to own a great navy and the part of prudence is to build it. In this connection it might be suggested that the United States owns the two fastest warships in the world—the Columbia, 22.80 knots, and the Minneapolis, 23.76 knots.

THE violations of the prohibition law in this county have been so frequent recently and so flagrant that any assistance rendered to our officers in the suppression of this illegal traffic, is always thankfully received by our best citizens. On last Tuesday Mr. Moses Bullington, Deputy United States Marshal, under Marshal Blackburn, made a visit that has brought forth good fruits. Many colored men have been acting as the "go between" from the purchaser to the "blind tigers," and Mr. Bullington arm ed down upon these gentry, arresting two of them and putting many others to flight, creating such consternation among them as will deter many from the future violations of the law. One of the parties arrested made a clean breast of his connection with business and the result was five indictments. Many thanks, to you, Mr. Bullington, come and see us again, for you have earned and are now receiving the unstinted praise of all of our best citizens.

### A Suggestion

Which would be of great benefit to Hartford Commercial Club. It would advertise Hartford and Hartford's business. The Louisville Commercial says:

"A pointer to our Commercial Club may be found in the fact that every business letter which goes out from Indianapolis is enclosed in an envelope which has on its back a brief and effective summary of the business advantages of Indianapolis. When our exposition was in existence here its managers utilized the correspondence of business firms that way for advertisements, and if our Commercial Club would take the hint and get up a cut which business houses could use in preparing their envelopes, it could secure an immense amount of useful and profitable advertisement for Louisville without any cost."

Mrs. O. M. Shultz, who resigned her position in the College on account of ill health, is improving.

## WELLINGTON, KAN.

### An Ohio County Boy Writes an Interesting Letter From the West.

Sends Congratulations to Ohio County Republicans.

WELLINGTON, KAN., Nov. 24, '94. The election has come and gone and it came a great Republican victory—a victory that rolled from ocean to ocean—a victory that crushed alike the Democracy of the South and the Populism of Kansas and Colorado. But I want to congratulate the Republicans of Kentucky, and especially those of Ohio county upon their splendid success. For it seems to me that if there are any Republicans who deserve more praise than others, for the grand victory they have achieved, it is the Republicans of Ohio county and the Fourth Congressional District. But while the Republicans of Kentucky and the whole country have covered themselves with glory, it must be remembered that Kansas has done something of which she may justly be proud, something at which the whole country may rightfully rejoice.

To Kansas belongs the honor of having struck the death blow to that hydra-headed "Monster, Woman Suffrage."

So crushing and overwhelming is the victory that even the most radical equal suffragist has not as yet sufficiently recovered his breath to ask the common phrase question, "Where are we at?" The advocates of this delusive movement made quite an aggressive campaign, using all the arguments commonly set forth in its defense, such as the impetus it would give the cause of temperance, and the purification of politics in general. But I am proud to say that the men of Kansas have a higher appreciation of the sacred rights and duties of womanhood than her neighbors, Wyoming, Colorado. I am proud to say that Kansas has paid a higher tribute to womanhood, of which she as a state may not only be proud, but it is a tribute of which every country under the shining sun, that pretends to have any respect for womanhood, ought to be proud. The men of Kansas appreciate the duties and responsibilities of womanhood too much to wish to add to them the duty and responsibility of suffrage.

They justly appreciate the fact that the duties and the responsibilities of maternity are the highest and most sacred of all duties and responsibilities, by the side of which the duty and responsibility of suffrage sinks into insignificance. To what greater duties, or to what greater responsibilities could woman aspire than those of motherhood? In what sphere does she hope to wield a greater influence than she can in that of motherhood?

These are questions that I will leave for those who favor equal suffrage to answer, for I am sure that they cannot answer them by saying give her the ballot. But again is it any credit to those who advocate equal suffrage to claim that woman is equal of man in every respect? I answer no, it is to their discredit. She is not—she never will be—his faithful representative. By so doing they arrogate the woman a favor of creation unknown to God and to man.

In contending for the equality of the sexes, their ambition has overleaped the bounds that masculine daring has set for itself. They would unite in her one person the distinctive qualities and the loftiest possibilities of both sexes. And again is it any credit to the mothers of the country, for those who favor equal suffrage, to be charging the men with corruption and incapability of managing the affairs of the Government, and then turn around and say, that by giving woman the right of suffrage all this corruption and incapability would be removed? I answer no, and say it is to their discredit and an admission that they as mothers have not done their duty.

Divine writ says: "Bring up a child in the way that it should go, and when it is old it will not depart therefrom." Now if that be true, and I dare say that there are not many who will have the hardihood to dispute it, the mother is directly responsible for the way in which her boy casts his ballot and lends his influence. For it is an undisputed fact that the mother wields a greater influence over the child than the father, if she does not form his character altogether. Therefore it goes to reason that he largely voices her sentiments in casting his ballot.

But what assurance have we that women would be any less corrupt than men? By what course of reasoning do they arrive at the conclusion that woman suffrage is a panacea for every ill and evil to which human government is heir? Are not the mothers and fathers of these same men, whom you charge with being so corrupt, also the mothers and fathers of the women to whom you propose to give the ballot? Were they not brought up by the same parents that brought up the "corrupt men?"

These things being so it is difficult to see wherein lies the justice of the claim that women are not as corrupt as the men. It is hard to see how they are morally any better than the men, brought up by the same parents and receiving the same moral training.

Lincoln once said: "All that I am, or hope to be I owe to my aged mother." This ought to be an incentive to every mother to pay more attention to the training of her boys and

girls than they do to any thing else. One mother training her children for purity and usefulness is a greater power for good than a hundred would be with the ballot. "Her children will rise up and call her blessed." And I believe that Victor Hugo spoke the truth when he said: "All the nuns in the world are not worth as much as one mother in the formation of a young girl's character. \* \* \* All the crimes of man begin with the vagabondage of the child. \* \* \* The two prime functions of the state are the nuns and schoolmaster."

In conclusion I will say, let the woman faithfully discharge the duties that devolve upon her as mother and home-maker, duties which are untransferable hers, and she will have nothing to regret by leaving men to manage the affairs of the State.

AN OHIO COUNTY BOY.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder  
World's Fair Highest Medal and Diploma.

### Read This.

If you want to buy town property, If you want to sell town property, If you want to buy a farm, If you want to sell a farm, If you want to buy any kind of real estate,

If you want to sell any kind of real estate, If you want to rent property, If you want to loan money, If you want to rent your property, If you want to borrow money, If you want to go out of business, If you want to go into business, In fact, if you want to buy or sell anything advertise the fact in THE REPUBLICAN.

### DeWitt County.

The Messenger has the following to say of things around Owensboro:

FALLS OF ROUGH PICKING UP. M. V. Monarch, receiver of the Owensboro, Falls of Rough and Green River railroad, filed his report for September and October with the federal clerk at Louisville yesterday.

The receipts for September amounted to \$3,777.40; the expenses, \$2,055.92; earnings over expenses, \$1,721.48. The receipts for October were \$4,780.37; the disbursements, \$1,590.03.

### LOCATED AT OWENSBORO.

Dr. J. C. Hoover, formerly of Pleasant Ridge, Ky., will locate in this city about December 10, and will open an office over J. M. Haynes, store on East Main street. Dr. Hoover has just completed a review course in a New York medical college, and is a physician and surgeon of considerable renown.

### IMPERSONATING AN OFFICER.

Lev Williams was arrested yesterday for impersonating an officer, and was released on his own recognizance. It is said he and a companion were at a house of ill-fame at the same time Mr. J. C. Tucker, of Ohio county, was. Tucker was drunk and easily managed. Williams had a large detective star on his vest, and it is said, then took Tucker aside to talk to him. The men then left him to himself, and when Tucker went back to the house he claimed to have been robbed of about \$42. When he got sober he reported the case to the police, but until yesterday the evidence did not justify an arrest.

### ELLIS OWEN'S LAUGHTER.

Thursday evening will long be remembered by the employees of the post office. Chief Clerk J. E. Hayden vicariously himself that morning. He had been telling his associates what a crack shot he was but he was not implicitly believed. He went to the turkey shooting on the sand bar across the river, and shot so well that he brought home three turkeys, and the post office employees were asked to come to his home on St. Elizabeth street that night and help eat them. They were all there and a right royal time they had of it too. Those in attendance were William H. Alexander, Bennie Pouten, Peter Huger, Henry O. Stearn, Fred Kollenburg, Clarence Mattingly, Ellis Owen, and Ed Osborne. Cal Thomas, the colored janitor, acted as head waiter. Bennie Routen recited an appropriate poem, and Ellis Owen's laughter made him conspicuous. Mr. Alex. ander told some steep yarns, and every body enjoyed the supper.

### The Farmer's Companion.

We take pleasure in informing our readers that The Ohio Farmer is offered for the remainder of this year and all of next for only one dollar. Its circulation is now over seventy-five thousand paid annual subscribers. It goes into many foreign countries. It has enlarged to 20 pages and is one of the best most enterprising and unobtrusive farm paper in America. It is published at Cleveland, Ohio, and is national in everything but name. It is an 80 column weekly of 52 issues a year. Its proprietors are its editors, while the associate editors are M. E. Williams and W. I. Chamberlain, both men of national reputation as practical agricultural writers. Among its contributors are those who have gained a national reputation y the best in this country and are known wherever the best agricultural papers are taken. Its proprietors spare no expense nor labor that promises to add to its interest and value, and maintain its reputation as the best and most widely circulated dollar weekly agricultural journal in America. Specimen copy and premium list will be sent free to all applicants by address The Ohio Farmer, of Cleveland, Ohio. Agents wanted. Liberal terms.

Rheumatism is primarily caused by acidity of the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood, and thus cures the disease.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder  
World's Fair Highest Award.

## NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The Chicago Inter-Ocean offers the following on "The Beautiful Light," which is very appropriate to any love sick swain:

I've traveled many a weary league, Through many a foreign land; Across the waves of mystic sea, O'er waters of burning sand; I've sought for beauty in the North, And under the Southern skies— But there's nothing fairer on earth I know Than the light in my dear love's eyes.

The beautiful light,  
God bless the sight!  
The light in my dear love's eyes.

The burdens of life press hard and fast,  
The way grows dark and drear,  
My purpose flags, my eyes grow dim,  
My heart is filled with fear—  
But a light breaks through the sky is bright,  
All clear my pathway lies,  
For a love shines forth to strengthen me.

In the light of my dear love's eyes—  
The beautiful light,  
God bless the sight!  
The light in my dear love's eyes.

This light gleams ever before mine eyes  
A beacon so strong and true,  
To warn, to cheer, to urge me on  
In the work I have to do—  
And so when life at last is o'er,  
And my spirit upward flies,  
May a ray stream down to greet me then

From the light in my dear love's eyes.  
The beautiful light,  
God bless the sight!  
The light in my dear love's eyes.

An old inhabitant was telling me about the cold spell in '54, which, he says, froze the Ohio River so hard that houses were built upon the ice and families from Louisville lived there in order to keep from paying tax. This sounds rather funny, but knowing the gentleman to be very reliable I am bound to take it for the truth.

A Brave girl—"Do you thing your sister likes me, Tommy?" "Yes; she stood up for you at dinner." "Stood up for me! Was anybody saying anything against me?" No; nothing much. Father said he thought you were rather a donkey, but sis got up and said you weren't, and till father he ought to know better than judge a man by his looks."

Mrs. Cuthbert Bullitt has written another card addressed to the public. In it she says she regrets that she was persuaded to withdraw her divorce suit. That every allegation in her suit is true, but that she felt that it was her duty to forgive him and pity his declining years. She reiterates that she consented to withdraw it upon the earnest entreaties of Col. Bullitt himself. She denounces reporters and newspapers for their abuse of "a true woman," and indeed the whole lengthy card is of a sensational character.

According to the official returns in Pennsylvania, as compared with the Presidential vote of 1892, the Republicans gained \$8,790, the People's party 10,750, and the Socialist-Labor party 835. The Democrats lost 118,660 and the Prohibitionist 1508. The analysis of the figures shows that while thousands of Democrats voted the Republican ticket, an average of about one Democrat in five refused to vote.

In connection with the restoration to life by D'Arsonval's method of a man at Pittsfield Mass., who had received 4600 volts of electricity in his body, a correspondent saw Dr. D'Arsonval and obtained some particulars.

"I am not surprised at the news," said the doctor. "The man was dead, no doubt; that is to say, respiration had ceased. I don't know who the doctor could have been who applied my method. I have no one who represents me in the United States, but the system is very simple, and the remedy consists in restoring respiration. I discovered the remedy in 1887, when I immediately communicated the results of my investigations to the Institute de l'Academie des Sciences. I commenced with animals, and restored life in this way in six instances. In regard to men, I have succeeded four times when they were foundries by electricity, industrial or artificial. I discovered this by studying cases of death by electricity. I found nothing, after the most careful examination, in the lungs, heart or head to explain the cause of death. It was purely nervous action which caused death. Now, there is a connection between the respiratory system and the nervous system."

"Take the case of a treader, for instance. He delivers what is supposed to be a mortal blow back of the neck. The animal falls, and ever one says that the animal is dead. This is really not the case. What the treader has done is that he has touched one spinal column, that is to say, a point known as the neural vital de aloutens, so called from its discoverer. The shock is communicated to the respiratory system, which ceased to work, and this is apparent death. To restore this action respiration may be artificially resorted to in practically the same way as an apparently drowned man is treated."

Teachers' Meeting. The teachers of Rockport Magisterial District met at Ceralvo, Nov. 17, 1894. Owing to the absence of Vice President G. T. Tinsley, the house was called to order by the Secretary, Wallace Rosson was elected Chairman pro tem by the body and immediately proceeded with the program. Welcome address was delivered by

J. C. Barnard in a well directed and appropriate way and made everyone present feel that they were laboring for the same great cause of education. Response by H. H. Davis was a bright and pointed talk, suitable for the occasion. School Incentives was first discussed by Wallace Rosson, who showed many of the benefits of School Incentives, in a few but well chosen words. The subject was also discussed by J. H. Wood, who thinks that natural incentives are far better than artificial ones, because they encourage the pupils that need encouragement and show them the real value of an education. H. H. Davis says that he has used artificial incentives with good success and thinks in many instances they will encourage the pupil when natural ones will fail. The subject further discussed by J. C. Barnard and V. D. Fulkerson, who made good and instructive talks. The body then adjourned until 1:30 p. m.

The subject of Punishment in School and how it should be used was opened by C. Iglehart, who made an interesting talk on punishment and told how he had used different kinds to an advantage. H. H. Davis says the best way to govern a school is to gain the respect and confidence of the pupils and much punishment is not necessary. J. C. Barnard made an interesting talk on the same subject. The subject of Penmanship was well discussed by M. P. Kimbley, A. M. Smith, Wallace Rosson and V. D. Fulkerson, who gave their methods of teaching it in school.

The subject of Civil Government was first discussed by H. H. Davis, who thinks one of the best ways to teach it is to place an outline of the lesson on the black-board and let the pupils talk from that. J. C. Barnard, V. D. Fulkerson and J. L. Brown made interesting talks on the same subject. Will Tarnard was next discussed by J. C. Barnard, who made a short but excellent talk on the manner of training the will.

A comic declamation was well recited by M. P. Kimbley in his usual happy manner, who made the merry shouts of laughter ring over the entire house and all felt that they had not only been benefited but well entertained with the day's exercise.

The chairman appointed C. Iglehart, M. P. Kimbley and Miss Lee Chinn as a committee to prepare a program for the next meeting. A motion was made and carried to hold the next meeting at Rockport the fourth Saturday in December. The body then adjourned.

WALLACE ROSSON, Ch'm'n, pro tem.  
J. H. WOOD, Sec'y.

### Beyond Comparison.

Are the good qualities possessed by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Above all it purifies the blood, thus strengthening the nerves, it regulates the digestive organs, invigorates the kidneys and liver, tones and builds up the entire system, cures Scrofula, Dyspepsia, Catarrh and Rheumatism. Get Hood's and only Hood's.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, jaundice, indigestion, sick headache, 25c.

### How a Chameleon Changes its Clothes.

After a few days, Twinkle was ready once more for what life should hold in store for him; and it was quite plain, from his restless manner, the cunning fellow knew some important event in his life was about to happen. There was no way keeping him quiet in any place; he was nervously alert all day, refusing to go to bed in decent season at night, and if you were up at four o'clock in the morning, there he was, with his coverlet kicked all away, wide awake and waiting for daylight.

It was discovered that just under his collar, at the back of his neck, was a grayish white spot, which was rapidly growing larger. Then every child in the village had something wonderful to attend to, for Twinkle was going to change his skin! The children came in such numbers that they had to be admitted a few at a time, and the individual most concerned in the business, Twinkle himself, seemed least concerned, probably because he knew best what was to be of chameleons.

First, he turned pearly white all over his body, and remained that way all day. On the second day a slit appeared down the inside of each leg, and an opening straight down his back, and down the entire length of his long tail. Then, funniest of all, the skin parted at his waist, and there he was, looking, for all the world, as if he had on a pearly white Zouave jacket with fluttering, flowery sleeves, and wide sailor trousers on his legs; and he was such a queer figure, no one wondered that he cut some strange capers to rid himself of his old clothes.

His trousers were first kicked off by nimble legs, and he dragged over his head his white jacket, all in tatters, just as the last unwilling little boy was forced, by coming darkness, to leave the house that night.

It was certainly time Twinkle had a new suit; and it was fine to show him next morning proudly sunning himself in a coat of dazzling green. As he had a choice of colors at his command, it is confidently believed by some that he chose green solely to grace that beautiful spring morning. [From "A Fellow From Florida," in Demorest's Magazine for December.

### Notice to Subscribers.

The date on the label indicates the time to which your subscription is paid. This serves both as receipt and an expiration notice every week. Examine the date printed after your name on the margin of this paper, and see if it is correct. If not correct, please let us know. If your time has expired, please renew at once.

## A STRANGE PROFESSION.

How One Man Makes a Living for Himself and Family.

His Whole Business Is to Get Arrested and Go to Jail—The Make-Believe Criminal Hears the Confessions of the Real Article.

In a hotel in a small town in a northwestern county of Ohio recently was boarding a man who has a strange profession. He did not, however, remain there many days. He was arrested; a splendid burglar's kit was found in his possession, and he was hurried off and placed in the county jail. The little town went wild over the capture of a notorious and desperate burglar; the newspapers at the county seat told the story under three-sheet poster type, and everybody believed a blood-thirsty night marauder had been caught by day detectives after all the city sleuths had failed. But that was a mistake, though many will go down to their graves believing a desperado with all sorts of crime on his list was captured before their eyes.

This desperate man of midnight crimes in the little hotel and town was there to be arrested. That's his business. He makes a living for himself and wife and daughter by being arrested. It is his profession, perhaps, the strangest one of thousands by which men make dollars honestly. He was greatly surprised and indignant when the local officer arrested him on a warrant sworn out by a visiting detective, made some show of resistance, asked for an extra good guard for protection and went off to jail with a meekness that was most commendable. The sheriff, prosecuting attorney and detective alone knew the true story, and in the county jail he was treated like any felon. In this particular case, which cannot now be made public, he is to warm his way in the confidence of a man under arrest for a startling crime, and, if possible, secure from him admissions that will convict the suspect, whose trial, soon to begin, will attract the attention of northwestern Ohio. But there is no objection to giving the name and some of the incidents in the life of this man with the strange trade.

He is Thomas South in private life, and makes his living by hiring out to be arrested. He is known to every private detective and detective agency of any prominence in the central, west and south, and has been in jails all over that section, charge with all sorts of crime. South resides in southeastern Indiana. He is at present in delicate health, and is doing one of his last, perhaps very last, bits of work. Exposure, confinement in foul prisons and the excitement of his life have resulted in severe pulmonary disease, and he has reached a point where he feels he must retire. He began his singular business in Louisville, Ky., just at the close of the war, in the secret service, and for the purpose of justice became a member of some of the worst bands of cut-throat thieves, which at that time terrorized that city and vicinity. He would become acquainted with the plots and plans and divulge them to the authorities. Disliking this calling he conceived the idea of becoming a prison confessor, and, explaining his ideas to a number of detectives, was given orders to secure confessions. His fame widened and other detectives heard of and employed him, though for obvious reasons he was kept in the background as much as possible, and his methods made public as little as the case permitted.

In the years that have elapsed since he adopted his peculiar vocation, South has been arrested in a dozen states, and in many counties in each state.—Cleveland Plaindealer.

### First Use of Potatoes in Ireland.

In the garden adjoining his house at Youghal, Raleigh planted the first potatoes ever grown in Ireland. The vegetable was brought to him from the little colony which he endeavored to establish in Virginia. The colonists started in April, 1685, and Thomas Harriot, one of their number, wrote a description of the country in 1587. He describes a root which must have been the potato:

"Openask are a kind of roots of round form, some of the bigness of walnuts, some farre greater, which are found in moist and marshy grounds growing many together one by another in ropes, as though they were fastened with a string. Being boiled they are very good meat."

The Spaniards first brought potatoes to Europe, but Raleigh was undoubtedly the first to introduce the plant into Ireland.—St. Nicholas.

### Kossuth's Son.

Kossuth's son has been declared by the authorities to be ineligible to the Hungarian parliament, as he is not an Hungarian subject, and has never taken steps to become one.

### Exile of Themistocles.

Themistocles, the hero of Salamis, was sent into banishment by the practice of ostracism. This was a purely Athenian device to prevent any citizen becoming too great.

When any man acquired such prominence as to be unsafe to the state a number of citizens demanded a vote, which was taken by writing on shells the name of the too prominent citizen. If a majority voted against him he was sent into exile, not because he had done anything, but for fear he might do something. He stayed away from five to ten years, then returned and resumed his standing as a citizen without loss of property or reputation. Themistocles was ostracized and went into exile, where he was soon accused of treasonable correspondence with the Persians. He was about to be arrested, but fled to Persia. He gained great influence at the Persian court and projected an invasion of Greece, but died, it is supposed, by poison, before his plans could be realized.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## A Mother's Story

Her Boy's Suffering After Diphtheria

Hood's Gave Good Health and Strength.



"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.: "Hood's Sarsaparilla has done so much for my boy that I wish to say a few words in praise of this wonderful medicine. Clifford was very ill with diphtheria and it left him suffering with Bright's disease. He was very weak, poor in flesh and could hardly walk. Malaria fever soon overtook him and together with trouble with his liver."

He Was In Much Misery. At last, almost discouraged, I decided to have him try Hood's Sarsaparilla. He has taken only a few bottles, and yet it has done him more good than all the previous medical treatment he has received."

## HOOD'S Sarsaparilla CURES

and medicines combined. He has regained strength and flesh and looks quite healthy. I will always give up pleasure to tell others what a valuable medicine is Hood's Sarsaparilla." Mrs. G. W. MARY, Carrollton, Kentucky. N. B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy any other.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, jaundice, biliousness, sick headache and constipation. 25c.

A "TRANCE CLAIRVOYANT" Send 25 cents, with age, sex and stamps and receive horoscope of future life. Madame Jubber, druid trance medium, seventh daughter, born with a veil and wonderful gift of second sight; tells past, present and future. FULL NAME OF WHOM YOU WILL MARRY; positively no imposition; advice on business, love, marriage, speculation, divorce, changes, missing friends, sickness, wills, pensions and all affairs of life; every hidden mystery revealed; helps all who are in trouble; never fails; gives advice on all points of interest, business transactions, love affairs, family troubles, stock speculations, lawsuits, absent friends; cures witchery, fits, drunkenness, opium habit, rheumatism and all long standing and mysterious diseases.

\$5,000 CHALLENGE to any medium or fortune teller who can excel her in her wonderful revelations of the past, present and future events of persons' lives. All challenges accepted, and in return CHALLENGES THE WORLD. Business strictly private and confidential.

Madame Jubber will always stand as high above the common mediums in this country as the President above the ragpicker, while her charges for the truth are the same as what other mediums charge for falsehood.

Skeptical people who, on account of the many misrepresentations in the papers, have lost faith in newspaper advertising should write and be convinced that all advertisements are not frauds.

It is well known throughout the world that mediums are the only reliable seers, and their charms cause love, speedy marriages and success in business. YOUR FUTURE REVEALED IN A DEAD TRANCE. Unites the separated and causes speedy and happy marriage with the one you love; causes good luck in all things by proper advice. SECURE A CHARM AND WEAR DIAMONDS. Reveals everything. MRS. JUBBER, BOX 75, NEW ALBANY, IND. LUCKY CHARM FREE. Cut this out and save it. Mention this paper.

17 267

Awarded Highest Honors—World's Fair.

DR. PRICE'S

CREAM

BAKING

POWDER

MOST PERFECT MADE.

A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant. 40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

CALL ON

R. E. CLARK,

The Leading Photographer.

Pictures in Every Style and Size.

Old Pictures Copied and Enlarged

—A SPECIALTY.—

108 1/2 Main Street,

OWENSBORO, KY

College Notes.

THE REPUBLICAN

and Home and Farm

—both one year for

\$1.25 in advance.

# THANKS

Are cheerfully rendered by

**FAIR  
BROS.  
& CO.**

To the many patrons who have  
come to them during the year, and  
**FOR BLESSINGS  
PAST.**

In spite of what has been a rather  
trying year, we have much to  
be thankful for, and we all unite  
in the

**HOPE**

That times will be better from  
this day on. Fair Bros. & Co.  
are willing to do all they can to  
help you.

**FOR THE  
FUTURE,**

As in the past, their prices will  
be down near the bed rock and  
their stock way up in quality.

**FAIR BROS. & CO.,**  
The Dry Goods and Clothing  
House of Hartford.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1894.

See Carson & Co's new Furniture.

For general family supplies call on

Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro.

We sell two spools of Thread for 5

cents.

All kinds of fresh groceries at Z.

Wayne Griffin & Bro's

We will pay 15 cents per dozen for

Eggs.

WANTED.—50 bushels of hickory

nuts Call at REPUBLICAN Office.

For Doors and Window Sash, all

kinds, call on Z. Wayne Griffin &

Bro.

Mrs. J. E. Rowe, Owensboro, is the

guest of her father, Hon. E. D. Walk-

er.

Miss Lena Carson visited relatives

near Beaver Dam Saturday and Sun-

day.

Mr. and Mrs. Larkin Griffin are

visiting Mrs. Griffin's parents, near

Owensboro.

Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Casey, Owens-

boro, are visiting the family of Hon.

E. D. Walker.

Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro., are pre-

pared to furnish you anything in the

grocery line. Call on them.

Thanksgiving services were held at

the Methodist Church yesterday.

Preaching by the pastor, Rev. E. E.

Pate.

FOR SALE.—A good 5 year old sad-

dle, harness and farm horse. Call on

or address THE REPUBLICAN, Hart-

ford, Ky.

For all kinds of doors and window

sashes, call on Z. Wayne Griffin &

Bro., who are prepared to furnish

anything in this line at prices to suit

the times. See them and get prices.

Preaching at Goshen Saturday night

before each 2d Sunday and on each

2d Sunday. At Beaver Dam 1st Sun-

day in each month, morning and

night, until further notice.

at E. E. PATE, Pastor.

Quite a little crowd of friends and

neighbors gathered at the residence

of Mr. George Klein last Monday, it

being the celebration of the 34th year

of their marriage. Every thing good

to eat was on hand in abundance and

a very pleasant day was spent.

Mr. William Stevens, of Kansas, is

visiting friends and relatives in the

county. He moved to Kansas thirty

years ago where he has been very

prosperous. He is a brother of Mr.

J. W. Stevens, of Kinderhook neigh-

borhood, and Mr. C. H. Stevens, of

near Beaver Dam.

Master Victor Matthew is quite

sick.

Bound to stay.—Fair Bros. & Co's.

glove fitting corsets

A shoe er thinks, Fair Bros. & Co's.

shoes wear splendid.

They are going. Fair Bros. & Co.

big line of cheap Cloaks.

Hon. W. N. Sweeney, Owensboro,

attended court this week.

Call on Watkins for a good, easy

shave or a nice hair cut.

Mrs. E. M. Rhoads, Louisville, is

the guest of Miss Anna Lewis.

The best pair to draw on is a pair

of Fair Bros. & Co's. kid gloves.

November blasts cannot penetrate

Fair Bros. & Co's. stylish cloaks.

J. B. Foster the Cash Store will

deliver you Turnips at 25 cents per

bushel.

Mr. Newt Davis, of Evansville, is

the guest of his sister, Mrs. Dr. W.

Alexander.

The underwear kept by Fair Bros.

& Co. will be found quite "charm-

ing" this month.

Call on Casabier & Burton for any-

thing in Livery prompt attention

given to all orders.

Mrs. Jennie Moseley, Pleasant

Ridge, has been the guest of her

brother, Capt. S. K. Cox, this week.

Hon. T. J. Smith left Thursday morn-

ing to resume his duties as door-

keeper of the House of Representa-

tives at Washington.

Capt. S. T. Duncan, Morganfield,

and sister, Mrs. E. S. Gray, Beaver

Dam, were the guests of the family of

Mr. Ben D. Ringo this week.

Eld I. H. Teel will fill his regular

appointment at the Court House

next Sunday morning and evening,

and at Alexander in the afternoon.

A Deputy U. S. Marshal struck

Hartford Tuesday evening, and in a

short while had two of our colored

people in jail charged with illicit sale

of whisky. They were Wes Briggs and

Louis Griffin.

We are better prepared than ever

to do your Job Work, and guarantee

you satisfaction in quality and prices.

Why go elsewhere when we can do

just as good work and at lower prices?

Give us an order and be convinced.

There was a burglar visited Hart-

ford last Saturday night. He stop-

ped at Dr. Alexander's and raised a

racket with the Doctor's dog, which

quickly brought his cook out to see

what was the trouble. When she

reached the back porch she was much

surprised to see a large burly negro

For fruits of all kinds call on Z.

Wayne Griffin & Bro.

Watkins, the barber, is prepared to

give you the very best work.

For the best of staple and fancy

Groceries, call on Carson & Co.

We will pay \$1.00 per bushel for

Sweet Potatoes. CARSON & CO.

G. B. Slack is Williams & Bell's

authorized collector. Please pay him

when he calls.

Carson & Co. carry everything in

the Furniture line. See their new

Parlor Chairs.

The Bon Ton Social Club will give

a dance at Court Hall to-night. Ev-

erybody invited.

The little daughter of Mr. and Mrs.

R. R. Wedding has been quite sick

for several days.

J. B. Foster the Cash Store will pay

15 cent per dozen for all the Eggs

brought to Hartford.

When you want anything in

Livery call on Casabier & Burton.

Prices to suit the times.

Mr. R. A. Anderson, who has been

quite sick for several weeks, will be

able to be out in a few days.

See our line of candies. It is the

finest ever brought to Hartford.

Z. WAYNE GRIFFIN & BRO.

Miss Carolyn Barbour entertained

a few friends last Friday night at

the residence of Dr. Alexander.

Mr. G. C. Westerfield is pining

and otherwise fitting up the rooms

over J. W. Ford & Co's feed store.

Mr. Fred Petty and Miss Lillie A.

Wilson, Shreve, were married at the

bride's home last Wednesday evening.

Mr. W. D. Smith and Miss Eva

Davis were married at the bride's

home, near Bartlett's, last Tuesday.

Mr. Luke Collins is getting along

as well as could be expected and

hopes in a few days to be able to

be out.

If you want good Job Work, some-

thing nice, with the very lowest

prices, call at THE REPUBLICAN Of-

fice.

Born, to the wife of L. T. Barnard

on the 27th, inst a fine boy—weight

11 pounds; Dr. S. D. Taylor attend-

ing physician.

The Oyster Supper at Masonic

Hall Wednesday night was very well

attended and the ladies thank the

public for their patronage.

Mr. Almore Simmons and Miss Sal-

lie Moseley, of near Buford, were

united in the holy bonds of matrimony

at the bride's home Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. May and Mr.

G. A. Neel, of near Whitesville, vis-

ited the family of Mr. R. A. Ander-

son last Friday and Saturday.

Mrs. Susan Harrison and Mrs.

Mary Phillips, Jeffersonville, are

visiting relatives in the county. They

are aunts of our fellow townsman, Mr.

Dan F. Tracy.

The wool on Mary's little lamb was

quite fine, but not equal to that in

Fair Bros. & Co. Cloaks and Over-

coats, and the prices of 1894 would;

well you know all about it.

Marriage license: W. D. Smith to

Miss Eva Davis, Fred Petty to Miss

Lillie A. Wilson, Almore Simmons

to Miss Sallie Moseley, A. K. Miller

to Miss Olive Chapman.

Mr. A. A. Brown and Miss Mary Per-

guson, of Beaver Dam, and Mr. T. J.

Morton and Miss Oma Westerfield

spent last Saturday and Sunday

at Mrs. Virginia Bell's, Buford.

Mr. James Hatcher, a highly re-

spected citizen of Centertown neigh-

borhood, died last Friday morning

and was buried at the Wm. Ross bury-

ing grounds. Mr. Hatcher was a

good, substantial citizen and his loss

will be greatly felt in his community.

"Every Day Business Life" was

the subject of a very able lecture de-

livered last Monday night by Mr. W.

T. Rolph, of Louisville. Mr. Rolph

is the manager of R. G. Dunn &

Co's Mercantile Agency of Louis-

ville and through an active life in

which he has come in contact with

thousands of business men has amas-

sed a mine of information and rich ex-

perience, such as it is the good for-

tune of but few men to possess. Mr.

John J. McHenry in a few appropri-

ate remarks introduced the speaker,

who, in his opening sentences caught

the attention of his large audience

and retained it throughout the ev-

ening. He was proud he said to be

the pioneer in the great work of in-

roducing women in Kentucky into

the wide sphere of Commercial use-

fulness and employment that has marked

the last few years. He depicted in

plain, simple and impressive style

and is a worthy and popular young

gentleman, while his bride possesses

all the traits of character it takes to

make a true woman. THE REPUBLICAN

together with their many

friends, extends congratulations, and

wishes for them a long, happy and

prosperous life.

**Resolutions of Condolence.**

McHenry School Literary Society,

colored, McHenry, Ky.

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty

God in His wise providence to call

from our midst on the 14th day of

November, 1894, our worthy and es-

teemed citizen, Mr. George Hocker,

therefore be it

RESOLVED, That while we mourn

the loss of our friend we bow in hum-

ble submission to Him who is the

rule of the universe.

RESOLVED, That in the death of Mr.

Hocker the school has lost a worthy

patron, his family a kind husband, a

loving father and the district a faith-

ful christian citizen.

RESOLVED, That a copy of these

resolutions be sent to the family of

the deceased and a copy be spread up

on the record of this society. Be it

further

RESOLVED, That a copy of these res-

olutions be sent to THE HARTFORD

REPUBLICAN and a copy be sent to

the Christian Baptist and that they

be requested to publish the same.

BEN MCREYNOLDS,

CORA BARRETT,

MABEL CHINN,

ARDIE TAYLOR.

**A Liberal Offer.**

The enterprise of the publisher of

The Youth's Companion, Boston,

Mass., has steadily advanced the

paper year by year, keeping it always

in the front rank of the best peri-

odicals. It

## Hartford Republican

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1894.

### SHE MURDERED FOR BEAUTY

Used Her Victim's Blood for Her Complexion.

Countess Bathori Tortures and Kills 650 Maidens in Six Years—The Hapless ones Kidnapped, Imprisoned and Slain With Glee.

No more remarkable criminal ever lived than the Countess Elizabeth Bathori—the countess of blood—a murderer, who almost unaided, deliberately killed 650 people in 6 years. Her diabolical crimes are described in a volume now in press in a leading publishing house in Breslau.

The Countess Elizabeth was the niece of Bathori or Bathory, king of Poland, and wife of the Hungarian Count Nadassy. She was born in the latter half of the sixteenth century. The author describes her as a woman of much apparent refinement, slender in figure, delicate in appearance, educated and accomplished.

In her crimes she was aided by a man servant and two women, all of whom seem to have entered into the villainy with quite as much fervor as the mistress herself. The man was frequently employed in kidnapping young girls when it was found impossible to secure them by other means.

Upon one occasion the countess, angered by some breach of duty on the part of her maid, seized a toilet article with a sharp point and plunged it into the girl's neck. The blow severed the carotid artery. The blood spurted forth in a great volume, covering the hands of countess and bespattering her face. This maddened her and aroused a new element in her nature. She washed her hands in the blood, and, as the girl lay prostrate on the floor, the countess lifted her feet to a chair so that the blood would more rapidly flow towards her neck. She caught the flow in a vessel. The girl bled to death, and the countess discovered that the awful bath had made her own skin much whiter and softer than it had been before.

This was the beginning of her series of murders and tortures. The count became a party to the infamy. The diversion of the couple did not stop at murder, but included torture of the most ingenious and horrible description.

The chateau had many dangerous passages and passages well adapted to this cruel work. Here one night during the Christmas holidays the countess spread a royal supper and invited to it 25 young damsels from the adjacent district. The girls naturally felt honored by the attention thus shown them. The supper was sumptuous, and the tables were loaded down with rich plates. The banquet took place in a special hall underground, the better to give the guests a novel experience, as the countess blandly explained.

At the conclusion of the repast the maidens were invited one by one to inspect subterranean passages, and as they went down the corridors with their guides they were shown into different cells and the doors closed upon them. Then the work of slaughter began. The countess, with her party, visited the various rooms. The three servants fell upon the girls and disrobed them, while the count and countess sat looking on.

When they were thus prepared, the countess, causing the wretched maidens to be held down that they might not struggle, drew from her pocket a sharp knife and deftly cut the most sensitive nerves in the girl, then cut off bits of flesh, pierced the eyes and ended the suffering by cutting the jugular vein or plunging the knife into the heart. In each case the blood was preserved with great care.

In this manner, varying the mode of torture to suit her increasing savagery, the countess went from one cell to another until she had with her own hands killed the entire number of her guests.

One of the girls was spared until the next day, when early in the morning she was smeared over her entire body with honey and tied to a post in the midst of a swarm of wasps and there she was left for 24 hours, being in that time stung to death. The count and his wife meanwhile sat at a window near by and watched the suffering of their victim. After it was over the body was drained of its blood.

The blood gathered from these girls was at once used by the countess to bathe her neck and face. Vanity had much to do with these terrible crimes, for it was in the beautifying of her complexion that the countess first found an excuse for her actions. The love of torture grew on her with the increase of her crimes and the familiarity she acquired with suffering.

The countess caused one of her girls to be stood, nude, in a hoghead of icewater and kept there for four hours after which she was clothed in a single muslin garment soaked in ice water and then tied to the top of a tall tower, while a furious snow-storm raged, and was kept there all night. In the morning the maiden was dead.

Her washerwoman she strapped to the wall and burned out her eyes, nose and tongue with a red-hot iron. She kept the poor woman alive for several days, burning her afresh every hour and torturing her in many horrible ways.

The supply of victims failing, she directed the man, Fierko, to go out to the distant country and kidnap,

induce or otherwise get victims to visit the chateau. Then the favorite plan of the countess was to have a mock ceremony of marriage performed, the man Fierko acting as bridegroom and the receiving and assurance that in marrying they would acquire their freedom the following day, whereas by refusing they would be committing suicide, inasmuch as they would in that event be killed.

A girl would be conducted to a dungeon fitted up like a royal boudoir. During the night the bride would be awakened by the countess, who would plunge a knife into her heart as soon as she opened her eyes. A method that the countess found greatly to her liking was to have the victim suspended by ropes from the ceiling, and gently open a vein in her body and watch her slowly bleed to death.

The stories told of these murders created scandal. George Thurzo, governor of the province and cousin of the countess, warned his relative to cease her terrible crimes. But still murders continued, and finally even the governor made up his mind that they should be stopped by force.

Learning that his cousin had arranged for usual Christmas wholesale killing, he took some officers and went to the chateau. He found in the cellars of the building 20 young women tied to the walls without clothes and horribly maltreated. These girls were to be killed that same night, and elaborate preparations had been made for slaughter.

The girls told the governor that they had been there for a month and that there had been many more, but that every day one was selected to be killed, and when the selection had been made the victim met her fate then and there in the presence of the others. Each day the countess would torture them, and she showed wonderful ingenuity in her means of doing so. One girl had a bosom cut off by the countess, another had lost her ears, another her nose, and all had been mutilated with a devilish ferocity. One was hanging from the wall by her arm, which had been pierced by a great spike, and a large basin was placed on the ground in order that the blood might not be lost.

Elizabeth Bathori was arrested, but owing to the fact that she was a member of the reigning house she was not condemned to death. She was imprisoned for the rest of her life in the fortress of Eseg, and her death took place there on Aug. 21, 1641, after she had been locked up 31 years. She was 54 years old at her death and died from starvation. Altogether, she had killed over 650 girls.—[Pennsylvania Grit.]

It is strange that some people will suffer for years from rheumatism rather than try such an approved standard remedy as Ayer's Sarsaparilla; and that, too, in spite of the assurance that has cured so many others who were similarly afflicted. Give it a trial.

**Dan Boone's gun.**  
A relic of historic value has just been brought to Charleston, W. Va. It is the gun of Daniel Boone Van Bibber back in the wilds of Nicholas county. The stock and barrel are five feet four inches long, it carries an ounce ball, has the original old-fashioned flint lock, and is still a good shooter.

The gun was given by Boone to his friend, Mathias Tice Van Bibber. Tice Van Bibber carried it and did good execution at the battle of Point Pleasant in 1774. He carried it on hunting and trapping trips as far west as Osage river and throughout the war of 1812. The original powder horn and bullet mold are with the gun, also a very old shot pouch, a pocket compass with a sun dial attachment, and a steel spear-pointed needle for fixing buffalo hides to dry; also a tally stick and part of his commission as a captain in the war of 1812, and an old, well-known butcher knife which belonged to Isaac Van Bibber, who was killed at Point Pleasant. When he found nine Indian scalps, raised by this knife, were in the pouch. Tice used the knife as long as he lived. At his death Mathias Van Bibber, the first white child born in Nicholas county, and at his death, a few years ago, they were left to his son, Nathan Boone Van Bibber, the present owner.

When David C. R. Van Bibber was 4 years old his mother gave him a set of metal buttons for his first pair of breeches. He wore no other buttons for eighty-six years, and they have been placed with the gun and other trophies of Daniel Boone.

For sick headache, caused by a disordered stomach, Ayer's Cathartic Pills are the most reliable remedy. "My mother first recommended these Pills to me, thirty years ago. They are the mildest and best purgative in use."—S. C. Bradburn, Worthington, Mass.

**You can by paying your subscription, and one year in advance, get the Louisville Commercial, or New York Tribune one year. If you are not a subscriber, subscribe at once.**

If the hair is falling out, or turning gray, requiring a stimulant with nourishing and coloring food, Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer is just the specific.

## HE WAS A STRANGER

An he Took Them in—An Experience in a Mining Camp.

It was Christmas Eve in a California mining town in 1853, and Goskin, according to his custom, had decorated his gambling house with sprigs of mountain cedar, and a shrub whose crimson berries did not seem a bad imitation of English holly. The piano was covered with evergreen, and all that was wanting to completely fill the cup of Goskin's contentment was a man to play that piano.

"Christmas night and no piano-pounding," he said. "This is a nice country for a Christian to live in."

Getting a piece of paper he scrawled the words: "100 Dollars Reward to a competent Piano Player." This he stuck on the music rack, and though the inscription glared at the frequenters of the room until midnight, it failed to draw any musician from the shell. So the merry went on; the hilarity grew apace. Men danced and sang to the music of the squeaky fiddler and worn-out guitar, as the jolly crowd within tried to drown the howling of the storm without. Suddenly they became aware of the presence of a white-haired man crouching near the fire place. His garments, such as were left, were wet with melting snow, and he had a half-starved, half-crazed expression.

He held his thin, trembling hands towards the fire, and the light of the blazing wood made them almost transparent. He looked about him once and awhile, as if in search of something, and his presence cast such a chill over the place that gradually the sound of revelry was hushed, and it seemed that this wait of the storm had brought in with it all the gloom and coldness of the warring elements. Goskin, mixing up a cup of hot egg-nogg, advancing and remarked cheerily:

"Here, stranger, brace up! This is the real stuff." The man drained the cup, smacked his lips and seemed more at home. "Been prospecting, eh? Out in the mountains—caught in the storm? Lively night, this."

"Pretty bad," said the man. "Must feel pretty dry?" The man looked at his streaming clothes and laughed, as if Goskin's remark was a sarcasm. "How long out?" "Four days."

"Hungry?" The man rose up and, walking over to the lunch counter, fell to work upon roast beef, devouring it like any wild animal would have done. As meat and drink and warmth began to permeate the stranger, he seemed to expand and brighten up. His features lost their pallor, and he grew more and more content with the idea that he was not in the grave. As he underwent these changes the people about him got merrier and happier, and threw off the temporary feeling of depression which he had laid upon them.

Presently his eyes fell upon the piano. "Where is the player?" he asked. "Never had any," said Goskin, blushing at the confession. "I used to play when I was young," Goskin almost fainted at the admission. "Stranger, do tackle it, and give us a tune. Nary a man in this camp ever had the nerve to wrestle with that music-box." His pulse beat faster, for he feared that the man would refuse.

"I'll do the best I can," he said. There was no stool, but, seizing a candle-box, he drew it up, and seated himself before the instrument. It only required a few seconds for a hush to come over the room. "The old coon is a going to give the thing a rattle."

The sight of a man at the piano was something so unusual that even the faro-dealer, who was about to take a \$50 bet on the tray, paused and did not reach for the money. Men stopped drinking with the glasses at their lips. Conversation appeared to have been struck with a sort of paralysis, and cards were no longer shuffled.

The old man brushed back his long white locks, looked up to the ceiling, half closed his eyes, and in a mystic sort of reverie passed his fingers over the keys. He touched but a single note, yet the sound thrilled the room. It was the key to his improvisations and as he wove his chords together the music laid its spells upon every ear and heart. He felt his way along the keys like a man treading uncertain paths; but he gained confidence as he progressed, and presently bent to his work like a master. The instrument was not in exaltation, but the ears of his audience, through long disuse, did not detect anything radically wrong. They heard a succession of grand chords, a suggestion of Paradise melodies here and there, and it was enough.

"See him counter with his left?" said an old tough, enraptured. "He calls the turn every time on the upper end of the board," responded a man with a stack of chips in his hand.

The player wandered off into the old ballads he had heard at home. All the sad and melancholy and touching songs, that came up like dreams of childhood, this unknown player drew from the keys. His hands kneaded their hearts like dough, and squeezed out the tears as from a wet sponge. As the strains flowed one upon the other, they saw their homes of the long ago reared again; they

were playing once more where the apple blossoms sank through the soft air to join the violets on the turf of the old New England states; they saw the glories of the Wisconsin maples and the haze of the Indian summer blending their hues together; they saw the heather of the Scottish hills, the white cliffs of Britain, and heard the sullen roar of the sea as it beat upon their memories vaguely.

Then came all the old Christmas carols, such as they had sung in the church thirty years before; the subtle music that brings up the glimmer of wax taper, the solemn shrines, the evergreen holly, mistletoe, and surpliced choir. Then the remorseless performer planted his stab in every hear with "Home Sweet Home."

When the player ceased, the crowd slunk away from him. There was no more revelry left in his audience. Each man wanted to sneak off to his cabin and write the old folks a letter. The day was breaking as the last man left the place, and the player, laying down on piano fell asleep.

"I say pard," said Goskin, "don't you want a little rest?" "I feel tired," the old man said. "Perhaps you'll let me rest here for the matter of a day or so."

He walked behind the bar, where some old blankets were lying, and stretched himself upon them. "I feel pretty sick," he said. "I won't last long. I've got a brother down the ravine—his name's Driscoll. He don't know I'm here. Can you get him here before morning? I'd like to see his face once more before I die."

Goskin started up at the mention of the name. "He your brother? I'd have him here in half an hour." As Goskin dashed out in the storm the musician pressed his hand to his side and groaned. Goskin heard the word "hurry" and sped down the ravine to Driscoll's cabin.

It was quite light in the room when the two men returned. Driscoll was pale as death.

"My God! I hope he's alive! I wronged him when we lived in England, twenty years ago."

They said the old man had drawn the blanket over his face. The two stood a moment awed by the thought that he might be dead. Goskin lifted the blanket and pulled it down astonished. There was no one there. "Gone!" he said Driscoll, willy. "Gone!" echoed Goskin, pulling out his cash drawer. "Ten thousand dollars in the sack, and the Lord knows how much loose change in the drawer!"

The next day the boys got out, followed a horse's track through the snow and lost them in the trail leading towards Pioche.

There was a man missing from the camp. It was the three-card monte man, who used to deny point-blank that he couldn't play the scale. One day they found a wig of white hair, and called to mind when the "stranger" had pushed those locks back and more content with the idea that he was not in the grave. As he underwent these changes the people about him got merrier and happier, and threw off the temporary feeling of depression which he had laid upon them.

**How's This!**  
We offer one hundred dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALKING, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free. 15c

**A DOMBAY WOMAN LAWYER.**  
Progress of a Native Indian Woman in Her Profession.

The Parsee woman lawyer, Miss Cornelia Sorabji, who passed the B. C. L. examination with such distinction at Oxford in 1892, says the London Gentlemen, has now established herself at Bombay, where she is working with a firm of solicitors. She gave a lecture this season on the "Legal Status of Women in India." It is a noticeable fact, in the now rapidly advancing position of Indian women, that on this occasion she was supported on the platform by leading members of the legal profession, both English and Indian.

Miss Sorabji showed how effectively women lawyers could help Indian ladies, who, owing to hereditary customs, social and religious, are precluded from seeing men, and arranging business matters with them. The lecturer said she did not want the gentle Hindu widow to lead the vanguard of advanced womanhood, but it might be possible to do, or to prevent, the fighting for her. And in doing this, there need be no encroaching on the domain of the stronger sex. "We do not want to supplant men," she said; "there is enough for us to do to supplement them."

Miss Sorabji said that never, during the whole period of an Indian woman's existence, neither when under the tutelage of her parents nor the guardianship of her husband, was she trained to face life alone; and that in the management of her property, over her contracts, wills, etc., it was absolutely necessary that competent legal advice should be available. As an immediate outcome Miss Sorabji had the conduct of a case put into her hands by an Indian Rane.

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## DESCRIPTION OF DROWNING

Graphic Account of a Sub-Marine Divers Experience.

His Bones Seemed to Grind Into His Lungs, and the Eyes to Start From Their Sockets.

The victim is William Olesse, who was 80 feet under the water in a diving suit, when the air hose broke and shut off his supply of breath. He was trying to attach a hawser to the anchor which the big steamer La Touraine lost off quarantine at New York a few weeks ago. His story is as follows:

"About 2 o'clock one afternoon I had found the anchor, and had made fast one line. It was not strong enough I thought, for a 7,000 pound anchor, and I was about to make fast another line.

"I had been working rather hard, and found myself short of breath. I strengthened up and signaled for a little more air. I noticed, from the sound that the wheels above were going around very fast, as though the men above had difficulty in sending me what little air was then coming. Then I got the signal to make ready to come up. At the same instant I was jerked off my feet by the tightening of the life line. Quick as a flash, it seemed, all the air stopped.

"O, such a feeling!" "I seemed to be hours going up. It was really but a few minutes, not over two, I am told.

"My first sensation was a terrible smothering feeling in my chest. I couldn't breathe. My breast felt as if it were being squeezed in an enormous trip-hammer, which was grinding my bones into my lungs. Then all the blood in my body seemed to start straight out from my head, until I could see then about two feet away, although everything was really black around me. The top of my head felt as if it were about to blow off and let out a tide of something which seemed to come out from my feet, my hands, and my inside.

"My neck felt as if it were being drawn tight, tighter, O, so very tight around it. The back of my neck stiffened so that I felt that I could not move my head. It seemed to me that I tried to move my head, and my neck struck a knife which, sharp as a razor, seemed to go through my neck and circle round my collar bone.

"My collar bone then seemed to be pressed away down into my lungs and it felt as if that big bone was a double-edged carved sword reaching from one shoulder to the other over my chest, then circling round over my back. It seemed to scoop out my heart, lungs and other organs. I did not feel any pain in those organs, though I realized that I was losing them.

"My throat grew dry and hot, so hot that it seemed as if I had a raging fire in there, and it seemed as if the heat from this fire rapidly went clear through my head and out through my ears and nose.

"Then the darkness began to be lit up by many stars.

"I never saw so many stars before. I could see millions and millions of them, and each one of them seemed to shoot each of its five points clear through my head.

"I could feel that I was moving up as I neared the surface, the fearful pressure on my chest and head eased a little. I felt relief, though the darkness was just as black and the stars as flickering.

"When I reached the surface I was dazed, but I was conscious. I knew what was going on all the time. I could feel that the men above who were turning the wheel were making desperate efforts to get me out of the water.

"When I reached the surface and the face glass was removed. I took a long, deep breathe. Nothing I ever had in my life seemed as sweet and as nice as that first breath. It seemed as if I could not get enough of it. "By that time the stars had disappeared. I could get a faint gleam of light, though I could not see any thing.

"The smothering sensation was gone. My head felt as big as a balloon. My eyes no longer seemed to be outside of my head, but, instead, seemed to have been shoved way in. I could not open them. The flesh around them seemed puffed out to where the eyes were when I was under water. It was broad daylight, but the sky seemed to be very cloudy as if a big storm was coming on. My face was stiff and sore. The pain then was in my neck and shoulders. My eyes smarted dreadfully, and I could feel that blood was dripping from them. In a short time I could see a little daylight, but it hurt. I knew my mouth was full of blood, but I could not taste it. I coughed up a lot of it.

"The men worked over me a while, and then took me to the hospital. It was a frightful experience. I'd rather die right off than go through it again. It would be easier, I think." Mr. Olesse is now a strange looking specimen of humanity. His face is black in spots, and blue in patches. Deep black circles surround the livid, blood red eyes, which seem to project in demon like fierceness. The skin on his neck, chest and shoulders, especially at the back of his head, is terribly discolored. The whites of his eyes are fearfully bloodshot. It will probably be weeks before they become white again. The eyelids, although a deep dark blue, are slowly regaining their natural color.

Altogether his was a remarkable experience, and one from which only a man of extraordinary vitality could recover.—[Pennsylvania Grit.]



The great need of the age. It is not the discovery of a medicine that will cure all kidney diseases, lame, sore or aching backs; that will cure all female diseases; restoring American woman physically to the high plane in civilization she occupies intellectually, morally and socially, giving tone to her muscles, elasticity to her step, a glow of health to her cheek and sweetens to her disposition; nor that will purify the blood, curing all skin eruptions, scrofula, rheumatism, dropsy, heart diseases, headache and nervous laughter. No, that is not what is needed, for that is already done. The medicine has long been discovered. It is Dr. Fenners' Kidney and Backache Cure. But what is wanted is a universal knowledge of the fact. And that is just why this article is written—to give knowledge of the fact. Dr. Fenners knows it will do these things, for he has sold it for 20 years, money refunded if satisfaction not given. It will not deceive or disappoint just expectations. Take a bottle home to-day.

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Cloverport	Daily	No. 64.
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Irvington	Daily	No. 72.
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Cloverport	Daily	No. 76.
Hawesville	Daily	No. 78.
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St. Joseph	Daily	No. 110.
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St. Joseph	Daily	No. 122.
Cloverport	Daily	No. 124.
Hawesville	Daily	No. 126.
La. Louisville	Daily	No. 128.
Brandsburg	Daily	No. 130.
Irvington	Daily	No. 132.
St. Joseph	Daily	No. 134.
Cloverport	Daily	No. 136.
Hawesville	Daily	No. 138.
La. Louisville	Daily	No. 140.
Brandsburg	Daily	No. 142.
Irvington	Daily	No. 144.
St. Joseph	Daily	No. 146.
Cloverport	Daily	No. 148.
Hawesville	Daily	No. 150.
La. Louisville	Daily	No. 152.
Brandsburg	Daily	No. 154.
Irvington	Daily	No. 156.
St. Joseph	Daily	No. 158.
Cloverport	Daily	No. 160.
Hawesville	Daily	No. 162.
La. Louisville	Daily	No. 164.
Brandsburg	Daily	No. 166.
Irvington	Daily	No. 168.
St. Joseph	Daily	No. 170.
Cloverport	Daily	No. 172.
Hawesville	Daily	No. 174.
La. Louisville	Daily	No. 176.
Brandsburg	Daily	No. 178.
Irvington	Daily	No. 180.
St. Joseph	Daily	No. 182.
Cloverport	Daily	No. 184.
Hawesville	Daily	No. 186.
La. Louisville	Daily	No. 188.
Brandsburg	Daily	No. 190.
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